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SPACE SHOWDOWN!

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MARVEL

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2099

THE PEARL OF RADIAN!

THE CHIN SHAN SPACE PLATFORM.

SAVOR THIS MOMENT, MY COMPANIONS, FOR IT IS ONE OF HISTORICAL *SINGULARITY.*

WE WITNESS THE FIRST CONTACT BETWEEN *MANKIND AND THE Y'LEST JAI*

AND NOW WE DISCOVER WHETHER THIS *MYSTERIOUS* RACE COMES WITH PEACEFUL OR *HOSTILE* INTENT!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

COMMUNION

AN EXPLOSION OF COSMIC REVELATION
ILLUMINATED AND INTERPRETED BY
JOHN FRANCIS MOORE - WRITER
PAT BRODERICK - PENCILER
JOHN NYBERG - INKER
JOHN COSTANZA - LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE - COLORIST
JOEY CAVALIERI - GROUND CONTROL
TOM DEFALCO - MASTER OF THE UNIVERSE

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PERHAPS YOU WILL *ENGLIGHTEN* US, RADIAN. WHY HAVE THE Y'LESTJA SENT A SHIP TO EARTH?

WHAT YOU SEE IS NO SHIP, DOOM, BUT A MANIFESTATION OF THE Y'LESTJA *COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.*

CREATURES OF A LESS *CORPOREAL* NATURE, THEN. AND YOU ARE ONE OF THEM?

I CANNOT CLAIM THAT HONOR.

I AM MERELY A *SERVANT* OF THE COLLECTIVE, GIVEN *PHYSICAL* FORM TO INTERFACE WITH THIS WORLD'S BIPED SENTIENTS.

YOU ARE AN *UNWELCOME* INTRUDER WHO HAS *DARED* TO USURP MY AUTHORITY ON MY SPACE STATION.

I WILL *NOT* SUFFER SUCH AN *AFFRONT.*

GUARDS, PREPARE TO FIRE ON THE ALIEN.

WEAPONS ARE *USELESS* AGAINST RADIAN'S ABILITY TO BEND *AND* MANIPULATE LIGHT ENERGY.

FENG HUANG, FOR A WOMAN WHO HAS BUILT A BUSINESS EMPIRE THROUGH COLD *CALCULATION,* YOU ARE BEHAVING LIKE A *PETULANT CHILD.*

RADIAN CONTROLS YOUR SHIP. LET *HIM* MAKE THE NEXT *MOVE.*

GUNPLAY WILL GET YOU NO CLOSER TO THE *POWER* YOU SEEK FROM THE Y'LESTJA.

I SHOULD KILL YOU ALL.

YOU ALMOST KILLED KAZ ALREADY. LUCKILY, THAT RIFLE BLAST JUST GRAZED HIS HEAD.

HE'S BREATHING, BUT THAT'S ABOUT ALL I CAN SAY FOR HIM RIGHT NOW.

HANG ON, LITTLE BROTHER. I DIDN'T COME THIS FAR TO LET YOU SLIP AWAY FROM ME AGAIN.

74-(0 11)

DAZED, KAZIMIERZ ROSKIKON, GLIDES THROUGH A TIDE OF MEMORIES...

HE REMEMBERS THE HIMALAYAN AVALANCHE THAT WOULD HAVE KILLED HIM—

— HAD HE NOT BEEN RESCUED BY AN Y'LESTJA BEACON LEFT BY THAT RACE MILLENNIA EARLIER.

HE REMEMBERS ENDURING THE NEUROLOGICAL SURGERY THE BEACON'S COMPUTER PERFORMED ON HIM—

— ALTERING HIS CEREBRAL FUNCTIONS, PROGRAMMING IN THE INTRICATE Y'LESTJAN LANGUAGE.

HE REMEMBERS BEING FOUND BY A TEAM OF FENG HUANG'S SCIENTISTS, INVESTIGATING THE BEACON'S SIGNAL.

HE REMEMBERS BEING POKED AND PRODDED BY RESEARCHERS DRIVEN BY THEIR POWER-HUNGRY EMPLOYER—

—EAGER TO ENSURE THAT THE ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL ADVANTAGES OF FIRST CONTACT WOULD BE HERS.

NONE OF THIS MATTERED. HE HAD BEEN RESURRECTED WITH ONE PURPOSE, TO AWAIT THE YLESTJA'S ARRIVAL ON EARTH.

AND FINALLY THAT DAY HAS COME.

KAZ, TALK TO ME. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO.

DON'T GIVE UP.

FORTUNE, SOMETHING'S *HAPPENING* TO HIM!

WHAT...

BLESSED MOTHER.

ZZZZHAROOOOWWW

THE TIME IS AT HAND.

THE CEREMONY OF COMMUNION BEGINS.

TELL ME WHAT IS HAPPENING ON THE BRIDGE.

YOUR ATTEMPT TO *SABOTAGE* YOUR SISTER'S BUSINESS BY BRINGING THE FOREIGN DEVILS HERE HAS FAILED.

WHAT DOES IT MATER TO YOU *NOW*, LEI FONG?

FENG HUANG IS *MY SISTER* ONLY BY A CAPRICIOUS WHIM OF *SCIENCE*.

THE ONLY PARENT WE SHARE IS THE STERILE LABORATORY *CRECHE* IN WHICH WE WERE *BIRTHED*.

YOUR ASSOCIATION WITH THE WEST HAS *CORRUPTED* YOU.

YOU *DISHONOR* YOUR FAMILY.

KLANNNG

MY "FAMILY" TRADED THEIR HONOR FOR POWER LONG BEFORE I CHOSE THIS PATH.

THEY *CREATED* TWO WARRIOR DAUGHTERS IN *TEST TUBES*--

--GENETICALLY *ENGINEERING* THEIR *PROGENY* TO CONTINUE THEIR POLITICAL AND ECONOMIC DYNASTY.

TO THEIR *DISMAY*, ONLY ONE SHARED THEIR COMPULSIVE *HUNGER* FOR POWER AND WEALTH.

FENG HUANG IS A *GREAT* WOMAN WHOSE VISION WILL *RESHAPE* THE WORLD.

SHINK

THE POWER--

I KNOW ALL ABOUT MY SISTER'S "*VISION*."

THAT IS WHY I MUST *STOP* HER.

FWACK

FOR UNTOLD EONS THE Y'LESTJA HAVE *TRAVELED* THE UNIVERSE--

-- SEEKING *OTHER* SPECIES OF SENTIENTS WITH WHICH TO COMMUNE.

TO BE CHOSEN BY THE COLLECTIVE IS AN HONOR OF *CELESTIAL* MAGNITUDE.

THE CEREMONY OF COMMUNION HAS ALTERED THE COURSE OF *MANY* CIVILIZATIONS.

I DO NOT SHARE YOUR OBVIOUS *REVERENCE*, RADIAN, BUT I AM CURIOUS.

WHY HAVE THE Y'LESTJA WAITED UNTIL *NOW* TO APPEAR--

-- WHEN THE EXPLORATORY BEACONS THAT GUIDED THEM HERE HAVE BEEN BURIED ON EARTH FOR *THOUSANDS* OF YEARS?

THROUGH THE GYPSY KAZIMIERZ, THE COLLECTIVE LEARNED OF THE *CROSSROADS* YOUR SPECIES APPROACHES.

THEY CONCLUDED THIS MIGHT BE THEIR *LAST* OPPORTUNITY POSSIBLE TO *FULLY* JOIN WITH YOUR PEOPLE.

ARE YOU TELLING ME THEY SHOWED UP BECAUSE THE HUMAN RACE MIGHT NOT BE *AROUND* THE *NEXT* TIME THEY'RE IN OUR NECK OF THE UNIVERSE?

THE COLLECTIVE UNDERSTANDS YOUR CAPACITY FOR *SELF DESTRUCTION*.

THAT MAKES ME FEEL *SOOOO* MUCH BETTER.

FEAR *NOT*, HUMAN. THE COLLECTIVE ALSO RECOGNIZES YOUR POTENTIAL TO *TRANSCEND* THE CANCERS THAT PLAGUE YOUR SPIRIT.

MY SPECIES ALSO, WAS ONCE AS YOU, AT WAR WITH ITSELF, HEADED FOR AN *OBLIVION* OF ITS *OWN* MAKING.

WE WERE CREATURES OF *LIGHT* DIMMED BY THE *DARKNESS* OF *OUR SOULS*.

THEN THE Y'LESTJA CAME TO OUR PLANET.

FROM OUR COMMUNAL EXCHANGE, WE FOUND THE MEANS TO CHANGE OUR DISCORDANT EXISTENCE INTO A *HARMONIOUS* ONE.

IN APPRECIATION, SOME OF MY PEOPLE BECAME EMISSARIES OF THE COLLECTIVE--

-- ASSUMING THE FORM OF THE CHOSEN SPECIES TO FACILITATE THE ARRIVAL OF THE Y'LESTJA.

EVEN NOW THE LIFE FORCE OF THE COLLECTIVE BEGINS TO SURROUND US.

POET, I JUST FELT SOMETHING WASH OVER ME-- SOMETHING *SOOTHING AND WARM--*

I KNOW... I FEEL LIKE I'M *GLOWING...*

YOU *ARE* GLOWING, AND... LOOK AT *KAZ--*

HE'S *CONSCIOUS.*

WE ARE Y'LESTJA.

WE DANCE THE LIGHT TRANSCENDENT.

WE SING THE HARMONY CONSTANT.

WE CELEBRATE THE FOREVER RHYME.

WE SHARE THE BOND UNIVERSAL.

THIS IS THE MELDING.

THE POINT AT WHICH ALL BARRIERS OF FLESH AND FORM ARE SWEPT AWAY.

NO. WON'T LET MYSELF BE *SUBSUMED* BY THESE ALIENS...

... ARMOR NOT RESPONDING...

... MUST *CONCENTRATE...*

...IGNORE THE VOICES...

... THE *VOICES...*

AROUND THE WORLD, THE PRESENCE OF THE Y'LESTJA LIGHTS UP THE SKY WITH A LUMINOUS BURST THAT CANNOT BE IGNORED.

IN NEW YORK CITY, MIGUEL AND DANA WATCH FROM A BABYLON TOWERS PENTHOUSE.

MIGUEL, WHAT IS THAT?

SOME KIND OF, UH, SATELLITE EXPLOSION, MAYBE.

IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL AND AT THE SAME TIME, OMINOUS. SHOULD WE BE WORRIED?

THROUGH ALL THE CHAOS IN MY LIFE LATELY, I'VE DEVELOPED SORT OF A SIXTH SENSE ABOUT DANGER--

-- AND IT ISN'T GOING OFF.

IN LATVERIA, ABOARD THE FLOATING CITY OF VALHALLA, THE CYBERSAVANT WIRE DISCONNECTS FROM THE WORLDNET, OVERCOME BY GENUINE AWE.

ABSOLUTE HARDCORE.

AT THE WAKANDAN STATE OBSERVATORY, THAT NATION'S PRINCESS OKUSANA DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION FOR THE STELLAR PHENOMENA.

IT'S COMING FROM THE VICINITY OF THE CHIN SAN SPACE PLATFORM, PRINCESS.

THE ENERGY READINGS ARE OFF THE SCALE.

IN THE HEART OF ANTARCTICA, A TEAM OF GEOLOGISTS RETURNING TO THE SAVAGE LAND STOP IN THEIR FROZEN TRACKS.

WE CANNOT BE SURE. WHATEVER IT IS, IT'S INTERFERING WITH ALL OUR SATELLITE DATA FEEDS.

IS IT A THREAT?

IF I WERE A RELIGIOUS MAN, I'D SAY THIS WAS A SIGN FROM GOD.

IF IT'S NOT, IT CERTAINLY MAKES AN EFFECTIVE SUBSTITUTE.

FIRST THE EARTHQUAKES, NOW THIS.

STRANGE. NONE OF THE STATION'S ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS ARE ON LINE.

I HAD TO CLIMB THROUGH THE *SERVICE DUCTS* TO GET TO THE *BRIDGE*..

IF MY SISTER [redacted] LOST CONTROL OF [redacted] PLATFORM, I CAN USE THAT TO MY *ADVANTAGE*.

MERCIFUL HEAVENS, WHAT HAVE I *MISSED* WHILE BEING HELD IN THE BRIG?

THE LATVERIAN *MONARCH* IS HERE WITH AN *UNEARTHLY* STRANGER...

... AND KAZIMIERZ PULSES WITH AN ENERGY...

... THAT I FIND ODDLY...

... ENRAPTURING...

WE OFFER THE TOTALITY OF OUR TRAVELS, THE POETRY OF OUR EXPERIENCE--

-- THE SENSATION OF THOUSANDS UPON THOUSANDS OF DIFFERENT LIFE FORMS--

-- EACH UNIQUE, YET BOUND TO ANOTHER [redacted] THE COSMIC THREAD--

ON THE WORLD TSOMINAIA, THE [redacted] LINSTREA SPEND THEIR [redacted] LIVES CREATING PATTERNS OF HARMONIC RESONANCE THAT SHAPE [redacted] SOUND-SENSITIVE CRYSTAL GARDENS BELOW.

THE PASSIONATE RHYTHM OF THEIR MATING SONG HAS CREATED ENTIRE JUNGLES OF CRYSTAL ON THAT PLANET.

ON THE INFERNAL PLANET OF DRELYS, THE LONG-LIVED M'RGLOTS SPEND HUNDREDS OF SEASONS IN THE MAGMA FLOW WRITING NEW STANZAS TO THE EPIC POEM WHICH IS SUNG EVERY HUNDREDTH SEASON AT THE TRIBAL GATHERINGS.

THEY ARE CREATURES OF GREAT HUMOR DESPITE THEIR HARSH ENVIRONS.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA WORLD VA, MILLIONS OF UNICELLED ELDRITES FORM MATHEMATICAL EQUATIONS OF GREAT COMPLEXITY AND BEAUTY.

THEY BELIEVE THAT EACH PROBLEM SOLVED BRINGS THEM CLOSER TO DIVINITY.

THIS IS THE Y'LESTJA'S GIFT.

A MOMENTARY GLIMPSE INTO THE MAGNIFICENCE OF THE UNIVERSE--

-- AN UNDERSTANDING OF THE INFINITE DIVERSITY OF LIFE DUSTED ACROSS THE COSMIC PLANE.

AND FROM YOU WHO [redacted] EARTH, THE Y'LESTJA SEEK ONLY TO GRASP THAT WHICH [redacted] YOUR EXISTENCE--

THE SYMBOLS AND METAPHORS AND ICONOGRAPHY THAT GIVE YOUR CARBON-BASED LIVES [redacted] AND SUBSTANCE.

TIGER AND DRAGON TOTEMS, CARDS OF DIVINATION, BOOKS OF MAGIC AND MEDICINE, GUARDIAN ANGLES, BIRDS OF RESURRECTION.

A RAINBOW OF VARIATION.

YOUR SPECIES' CAPACITY TO DRAW STRENGTH FROM ITS EMPATHETIC ABSTRACTIONS MAY [redacted] YOUR SALVATION.

NO MATTER YOUR FINAL FATE, THE COLLECTIVE WILL SING OF HUMANITY UNTIL IT TOO REACHES ITS ULTIMATE CONCLUSION.

THE Y'LESTJA THANK YOU FOR OPENING YOUR MINDS AND SOULS TO ITS COLLECTIVE CONSCIOUSNESS.

THE COLLECTIVES' PSYCHIC CONNECTIONS BEGIN TO *FADE*. THE *CHOIR* OF VOICES ECHOING IN MY HEAD GROWS *SILENT*.

I FIND THIS EXPERIENCE HAS LEFT ME FEELING ODDLY *CONTENT* AND ..*HOPEFUL*.

CAN AS POWERFUL A RACE AS THE Y'LESTJA BE *MOTIVATED* ONLY BY THEIR PASSION FOR CULTURAL *EXCHANGE*?

I MUST BE CERTAIN THAT *MY* ARMOR HAS RECORDED *ALL* THE EVENTS OF THIS DAY.

THEY WARRANT *STUDY*.

AS DOES THE BEING CALLED *RADIAN*...

HE'S GIVING OFF AN *INCREDIBLE* AMOUNT OF LIGHT ENERGY.

HONORED ONES, YOUR PRESENCE *GRACES* MY HUMBLE EXISTENCE.

MY DUTIES *COMPLETE*, I *RETURN* TO YOU THE POWER ALLOCATED FOR MY TASK.

I HAVE NO WAY OF GAUGING HOW MUCH ENERGY THIS CLOSE TO THE SOURCE. ALL MY SENSORS ARE *REDLINING*.

OUR *GRATITUDE*, LIGHTCHILD. YOU HAVE SERVED US WELL, AND WE REWARD YOU WITH YOUR FREEDOM.

FOLLOW YOUR *OWN* DESTINY, RADIANT ONE.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN IN THE *HOUR OF ASCENSION.*

UNTIL THAT TIME, *FAREWELL.*

NOW, I CAN BARELY COMPREHEND ANYTHING WE SAW AND FELT--

-- BUT WHILE WE WERE IN COMMUNION WITH THE COLLECTIVE, IT WAS ALL SO *CLEAR.*

WOW. MY HEAD IS *REELING.*

I FEEL LIKE I'VE JUST WOKEN FROM AN *AMAZING* DREAM, AND THE *DETAILS* ARE STARTING TO SLIP *AWAY.*

YOU WERE SHOWN MANY THINGS, HUMANS. REMEMBER WHAT YOU *CAN.*

AND WHAT WILL *YOU* DO, RADIAN, NOW THAT THE COLLECTIVE HAS LEFT YOU TO YOUR OWN DEVICES?

HE CAN ROT FOR ALL I *CARE--*

-- ALONG WITH THAT BLASTED ALIEN COLLECTIVE.

THEY OFFERED ME *NOTHING.*

THEIR SO CALLED COMMUNION WAS *WORTHLESS.*

SISTER, YOU COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND *TRUE* VALUE.

IF YOU CHOOSE TO IGNORE WHAT THE Y'LESTJA HAVE SHOWN YOU, FENG HUANG, YOU ARE DISCARDING *DIAMONDS* IN THE *SAND*.

BUT KNOW THAT YOU ARE NOT *UNCHANGED* BY THE COMMUNION.

YOU HAVE BEEN *TOUCHED* BY THE Y'LESTJA, [redacted] HUANG.

THEIR *MARK* WILL SOON BE *APPARENT*.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT, RADIAN?

RADIAN HAD RELINQUISHED CONTROL OF THE STATION. CONTROL OF THE SHIP IS *MINE* ONCE MORE.

GOOD. PERHAPS SOMETHING MAY BE *WON* FROM THIS FIASCO AFTER ALL.

YOU WILL FIND OUT IN DUE TIME, HUMANS.

IT IS TIME I DEPARTED.

THE COMMUNION COMPLETED, I AM LEFT TO FIND *NEW* PURPOSE.

SANCTIMONIOUS ALIEN SCUM!

I MUST FIND A PLACE TO CONSIDER MY FUTURE PATH.

YOU HAVE *NO* FUTURE, RADIAN.

I KNOW THAT YOUR POWER IS *DIMINISHED* NOW THAT YOUR MASTERS HAVE RETURNED TO DEEP SPACE.

MY FIELD DISRUPTORS SHOULD EXTINGUISH YOUR ANNOYING LIGHT.

BLAM!

ENOUGH, WOMAN.

WHAT PURPOSE DID KILLING THE ALIEN SERVE, FENG HUANG?

I DO NOT LIKE BEING *CROSSED.*

YOU FOREIGNERS MAY HAVE KEPT ME FROM THE SECRETS OF THE Y'LESTJA--

-- BUT I CLAIM THE FINAL MOMENT OF *SPITE.*

I'VE ACTIVATED THE STATION'S *SELF DESTRUCT* SEQUENCE.

THERE IS A SAYING... "HAO REN BÙ CHANG SHÒU."

WE WILL NOT MEET AGAIN.

FWOOP

WHAT DID SHE *SAY?*

"GOOD PEOPLE DON'T LIVE LONG."

CURSE MY SISTER!

SLAM!

LOCKED

ANGER WILL NOT HELP, LEI FONG.

I BELIEVE I CAN *OVERRIDE* HER SYSTEMS LOCK.

YOU'VE OPENED THE DOOR, BUT THE AUTO DESTRUCT COUNTDOWN *CONTINUES*.

WE'VE GOT TO GET TO THE *LIFEBOATS*.

COME ON, KAZ, I DIDN'T FIND YOU AFTER ALL THESE YEARS ONLY TO LET YOU DIE IN SPACE.

I AM *LOATHE* TO ADMIT THAT I DO NOT HAVE TIME TO DEFUSE THE AUTO DESTRUCT SEQUENCE.

FOLLOW ME, THEN. I'VE ACCESSED THE PLATFORM BLUEPRINTS.

THE ESCAPE POD BAY IS *NEARBY*.

WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO CLEAR THE PLATFORM BEFORE IT EXPLODES.

IF THE INTEGRITY OF THE ESCAPE PODS ARE *COMPROMISED*, POET--

I *HOPE* SO, DOOM. BUT IF I END UP SPACE DEBRIS, THERE'S A CORNER IN THE FRENCH QUARTER OF NEW ORLEANS WHERE I HOPE I *CRASH*.

--I *ASSURE* YOU, YOU WILL BURN UP LONG BEFORE YOU COULD FALL ON SOME UNSUSPECTING PEDESTRIAN.

IT APPEARS THE Y'LESTJA GAVE THE LATVERIAN A SENSE OF *HUMOR*.

I THOUGHT THE TIN MAN GETS A *HEART* FROM THE WIZARD.

OH, *WELL* --GUESS WE'RE NOT IN LATVERIA ANYMORE.

AND IT'S TIME WE *RETURNED*. KAZ HASN'T BEEN HOME IN *YEARS*.

ONE OF THE ESCAPE PODS HAS *ALREADY* BEEN JETTISONED.

I HOPE THAT BEING BACK AMONG THE ZEFIRO* WILL HELP *RESTORE* HIS MIND.

*THE GYPSY TRIBE INTO WHICH BOTH FORTUNE AND DOOM WERE BORN.

MY *SISTER*.

AND SHE HAS LOCKED OUT *THESE* CONTROLS AS WELL!

FENG HUANG IS A VERY *CLEVER* WOMAN.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?

IT IS NOT YOUR CONCERN, LEI FONG. GET IN THE *POD*.

I'VE *PROGRAMMED* IT'S NAVIGATION SYSTEM TO TAKE YOU FOUR TO LATVERIA.

AND YOU'LL FOLLOW IN THE LAST POD?

SOON.

BUT FOR NOW...GO...YOU'RE RUNNING OUT OF TIME.

WWOOOSH!

FFFFFF

FOOLS.

THEY WERE SO *PLEASED* TO HAVE LEFT BEFORE THE COUNTDOWN *FINISHED*—

--THEY DIDN'T REALIZE THE *PRIZE* THEY LEFT *BEHIND*.

I DESTROYED RADIAN, BUT NOT HIS *ARMOR*.

ANALYSIS OF ITS ALIEN COMPOSITION [redacted] FUNCTIONS WILL PROVE MOST *VALUABLE*.

EH?

DOOM?

INDEED, MADAM.

YOUR PLOY TO GET US OFF THE SHIP MIGHT HAVE EVEN BEEN *SUCCESSFUL*—

--IF I DID NOT INTEND TO LEAVE WITH RADIAN'S ARMOR AS WELL.

I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

WE ARE OF SIMILAR BLOOD, DOOM. *FERAL. STRONG.*

WE TAKE WHAT WE WANT WITHOUT APOLOGY.

THE MAN BEHIND THE MASK *INTRIGUES* ME--

A PITY I HAVE TO *KILL* YOU!

HOW *COMMON*. I AM *DISAPPOINTED*.

LET US BE *CLEAR*. THE ARMOR IS *MINE*.

KRAZAAM

THE AUTO-DESTRUCT SEQUENCE IS STILL *PRIMED*.

ONLY I CAN STOP IT.

DO WHAT YOU WILL. LIKE ME, YOU PLAY YOUR GAMES CLOSE TO THE EDGE.

YOU NO LONGER HAVE TIME TO STOP THE COUNTDOWN AND STOP ME FROM TAKING THE ARMOR.

I HOPE THAT LIKE YOUR *NAMESAKE* YOU CAN RISE FROM YOUR *ASHES*--

-- FOR THEY WILL BE SCATTERED ACROSS SPACE IF YOU CHALLENGE ME AGAIN.

WE'RE CLEAR.

HOW MUCH LONGER BEFORE THE STATION BLOWS?

DO YOU THINK DOOM MADE IT OUT?

THIRTY SECONDS.

HE'S A HARD MAN TO KI--

LOOK OUTSIDE!

THAT LIGHT!

THE Y'LESTJA CALLED RADIAN "LIGHTCHILD".

PHYSICS SAYS ENERGY'S NEVER DESTROYED-- ONLY RE-DISTRIBUTED.

MAYBE FENG HUANG COULDN'T KILL RADIAN.

NOTHING SURPRISES ME ANYMORE.

TODAY, WE MET A RACE SO IN LOVE WITH THE UNIVERSE THAT THEY'VE DEDICATED THEIR EXISTENCE TO SHARING THEIR SENSE OF WONDER--

-- AND WE RESPOND BY KILLING... OR TRYING TO KILL... THEIR EMISSARY.

MAYBE WE'VE MADE IT THIS FAR AS A SPECIES BY ACCIDENT.

IF WE DON'T GET OUR PRIORITIES STRAIGHT...

"... HOW WILL WE SURVIVE THE NEXT CENTURY—LET ALONE THE NEXT MILLENNIUM?"

BARBARIC

"We must be still and still moving into another intensity for a further union, a deeper communion through the dark cold and the empty desolation."
T.S. Eliot

NEXT:
THE SAVAGE LAND!